THE CIRCULAR.

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Support of the Circular.

As will be seen by the terms at the head of this column, the *Circular* is offered to those who wish it, as the gospel is, without money and without price It is supported at present, first and principally, by the funds of the Oneida Association and its branches; secondly, by the free contributions of its friends and a few remittances from those who choose to pay for it. Our expectation, however, is that the idea of a FREE DAILY RELIGIOUS PRESS, as the complement and consummation of Free Schools, Free Churches, and Free Benevolent Societies, will gradually become known, and be appreciated among all spiritually minded religionists, and that thus the *Circular*, as the embodiment of that idea, will draw to itself a volunteer constituency, more wholehearted than that which surrounds, for instance, the Bible Society, and endows it annually with a revenue of three hundred thousand dollars.

The Nature and Location of the Heart.

FROM THE BEREAN.

We know by the familiar phenomena, of our corporeal organizations, that the power of perceiving, feeling, and willing exist; and as there is no activity in mere matter, we know that these powers, though manifested through the bodily organs, belong to the soul. The eye does not see, but the soul sees through the eye; the hand does not feel, but the soul feels through the hand; the muscles do not will, but the soul wills through the muscles. The soul, then, is a perceiving, feeling, and willing, substance.

But we have seen, in previous discussions, that the essence of Adam's soul was a spiritual fluid—the breath of God. It was not a complex organization, having separate departments, like those of the body, appropriated to the separate powers of perceiving, feeling, and willing. It was a simple substance, without form, till it took the form of the vessel into which it was breathed. It is one and the same substance, then, that sees, and wills. 'There are diversities of operations, but it is one spirit that worketh all in all,' in the organizations of individuals, as well as in the body of Christ. (1 Cor. 12: 6.) All the faculties which manifest themselves through the senses, muscles, nerves, brain, &c., actually reside in the one life which animates the whole man. The power of perceiving which manifests itself through the eye, actually exists in the hand; though it does not ordinarily manifest itself there, because it has there no appropriate organ. So the powers of willing and feeling actually exist wherever life exists, i. e. throughout the whole body; though they manifest themselves ordinarily only where special organs are prepared for them.

Now it is a matter of course that the one life which thus distributes itself as into branches through all the organs of the body, should have somewhere a point of unity—a center where all the branches meet. In the Bible this spiritual center is called the *heart*. As it is a matter of some consequence to determine the *location* of the seat of government in such a kingdom as human nature, we will examine the evidence on this point.

Phrenologists, neurologists, and physiologists, generally teach with much show of certainty, that the brain is the seat, not only of perception, but of sensibility, passion, and volition—the center from which the spirit emanates—'the palace of the soul.' We join issue with these philosophers, and affirm that the spiritual center is an *invisible organ, situated in the middle of the lower part of the breast.*

To forestall any objection that may arise from the fact that the organ of which we speak is not discoverable by dissection, we here remark, that all the most radical and potent agencies of the universe, are invisible. God himself, who is the spiritual center of all things, is not discoverable by telescope or microscope. If man is compounded of matter and spirit, a part of his nature is visible, and a part invisible. Our doctrine is that the visible and invisible elements touch each other primarily not in the brain, but in the middle of the lower part of the breast.

In support of our position we first appeal to the testimony of nature. Ask any simple minded person, where he *thinks*, and he may point to his head; but ask him where he *feels* such emotions as love, jealousy, remorse, joy or sorrow, and he will assuredly lay his hand on his breast. If he has ever examined attentively his own consciousness, he will have no hesitation in testifying also that the energy of his *will* is not in his brain, but in something that he calls 'heart;' meaning not the fleshly organ on the left side, but something which he feels (however anatomists may fail to find it) in the central part of his body.

Let any one inquire of his own consciousness, where fear makes its impression. The brain doubtless is the organ of intelligence, through which (as through the eye or any other outward sense) information of danger is conveyed to the spiritual center; but the ultimate sensation of terror, every body knows, is a fainting, death-like feeling at the place called the pit of the stomach.

This testimony of universal consciousness is confirmed by sound views of physiology. The two principal departments in the corporeal nature of man, are those of the *nerves* and the *blood*. The center of the nervous system is in the head; and the center of the blood or sanguineous system, is in the chest. Now if the spirit is primarily connected with the nerves, its central seat is in the head; but if it is primarily connected with the blood, its central seat is in the chest. It is a fair and necessary presumption of common sense, that the spirit is primarily connected with that one of the two systems which takes precedence of the other in order of growth and importance. It would be unnatural to suppose that the last link of the visible part, that which touches the invisible, is a link of secondary and dependent rank. But it is acknowledged by physiologists that the brain and nervous system are secondary to, and dependent on the blood. The sanguineous system lies at the foundation of every other department in the physical economy. We thence infer that it is the residence of the spirit; and then it follows that the central seat of the spirit is in the chest.

We will quote the opinions of some distinguished physiologists on the relative importance of the nervous and sanguineous systems. The writer of the article on Physiology in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, says:—

"Although the animal functions act, as it were, in a circle, and are so intimately connected together that the intermission of any one of them is followed by some disturbance in the system, yet *the circulation of the blood seems to be that from which all the rest derive their origin*, and which is the work essential to the well being of the whole. This is, in respect of time, *the first function* which we are capable of observing in the young animal during its fœtal existence. Haller informs us that he was distinctly able to trace the rudiments of the future heart in the chicken during incubation, for some time before he could clearly observe either the brain or the lungs.*—With respect to the relative importance of the heart and the brain, it may be remarked, that although both of them are necessary for the functions of the most perfect animals, yet we can easily conceive that simple existence may for some time be sustained without the intervention of any of the faculties which originate from the nervous system, but that the nervous system cannot act for the shortest interval without a due supply of blood from the heart or some analogous organ. *Upon the whole, therefore, we are to regard the heart as the center of the animal frame*, which seems to unite the various functions, however different in their nature and operations, into one connected vital system." *Vol.* xv. *p.* 634.

In the great dispute among physiologists of the last century on the question *whether the nerves are necessarily concerned in muscular contraction*, "Haller adduced cases of *acephalous* fœtuses, which had yet grown to their full size, and seemed to possess the various vital functions in a perfect state; so that they must have enjoyed muscular contractility, *although totally destitute of a brain.* He also referred to the fact that the heart is a muscular organ in perpetual motion, and capable of strong contraction, *yet scantily furnished with nerves*, and almost destitute of feeling. It was also advanced as a strong proof that muscular contraction may be independent of the nerves and brain, that muscular parts remain contractile for a considerable time after they are removed from the body, and of course when their communication with the brain is destroyed: *and this is particularly the case with the heart itself*, which in many of the amphibia and cold-blooded animals, remains susceptible of the impression of stimulants for some hours after its separation from the body." *p.* 630.

"Dr. W. Philip showed by a series of elaborate experiments that muscular parts, and *in particular the heart*, can continue to contract for an indefinite period after the complete destruction of both the brain and spinal cord." *p.* 631.

After viewing the whole discussion, the writer of the article in the Encyclopedia says—'We conceive it to be clearly proved by Dr. Philip, that there is a large class of muscular parts which have but little connection with the nervous system, or are only occasionally under its influence. This is the case with the parts which are not under the control of the will, and especially with the organs which are concerned in those functions which, in their ordinary healthy action, do not produce perception;' i. e., *all the organs that are concerned in the formation and circulation of the blood.*

The whole of this testimony goes to show that the sanguineous system is primary, and the nervous system secondary; and consequently the spiritual power which moves the first wheel in the whole corporeal machinery, must have its place at the center of the sanguineous system, i. e., in the middle region of the trunk.

Dr. Hunter came to the borders of this very theory, by a course of reasoning in relation to the coagulation of the blood, the details of which we need not here present. "He supposed that the blood is not merely the substance which gives life to the animal, by carrying to all parts what is necessary for their support and preservation, but that *it is itself a living, organized body, and even the peculiar seat in which the vitality of the whole system resides.*"

We are now prepared to hear the testimony of the Bible on this subject; God is certainly the best of all witnesses, in questions relating to his own workmanship; and we conceive that he has testified on the point under discussion, very distinctly and peremptorily. The doctrine that the blood is the vehicle of life, or in the language of Dr. Hunter, is 'the peculiar seat of the vitality of the whole system,' is so plainly taught in the following passages, that we cannot but wonder that any difference of opinion should have ever existed among professedly Christian physiologists:

"Whatsoever man there be of the house of Israel, or of the strangers that sojourn among you, that eateth any manner of blood, I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among his people. *For the life of the flesh is in the blood:* and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul. Therefore I said unto the children of Israel, No soul of you shall eat blood, neither shall any stranger that sojourneth among you eat blood.—And whatsoever man there be of the children of Israel, or of the strangers that sojourn among you, which hunteth and catcheth any beast, or fowl that may be eaten, he shall even pour out the blood thereof, and cover it with dust. *For it is the life of all flesh; the blood of it is for the life thereof:* Therefore I said unto the children of Israel, ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh: *for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof.*" **Lev. 17: 10—14.**

*We might safely infer that the organs of the sanguineous system are first developed in other animals, from the situation of the *umbilical cord*.—The life of the fœtus manifestly enters by the belly, and not by the brain.

XUM

That the life of man is in his blood, and of course that the spiritual center is not in the brain, but in the middle region of the body, will appear if we consider the process of his original creation. 'The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed *into his nostrils* the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' Gen. 2: 7. We perceive by this account that the original elements of human nature were simply 'the dust of the ground,' and 'the breath of life;' or, in other words, *spirit* and *matter*. Our question is—Whereabouts in the body of Adam, did these two substances come together? The account clearly points to the answer. 'The Lord God breathed *into his nostrils* the breath of life.' The nostrils are the channel, not to the brain, but to the lungs, and through them to the blood. 'The breath of life,' then, first entered the blood; and the point of junction was within the thorax.

It does not necessarily follow from what has been said, that the fleshly organ on the left side of the body, commonly called the heart, is the seat of the spirit. That organ is only one among several agents that are employed in the preparation and distribution of the blood. All the great viscera as truly belong to the sanguineous system, as the heart. The stomach, the liver, the pancreas, and the lungs, are the real *generators* of the blood. The office of the heart is chiefly mechanical. In determining the location of the spirit, we should naturally have regard to the whole apparatus over which it specially presides. As it is the vital energy that moves the internal organs and impregnates the blood, its appropriate seat is at the central point of the lower part of the thorax, in the midst of all the separate departments of the sanguineous system.

The correctness of this exact result, is established not only, as we have insisted, by the testimony of universal consciousness, but by the plain intimations of scripture. It may be seen by consulting a concordance, that the word *heart*, as used in the Bible, almost universally refers to the spiritual center, not to the fleshly organ on the left side. We find but three instances in which the several writers apply the word to any part of the body, viz., Ex. 28: 29, 30, 2 Sam. 18: 14, and 2 Kings 9: 24. In the two latter instances, neither the language or circumstances absolutely determine the exact part of the body referred to. But all the probable evidence that can be found in either, leads to the conclusion that the writers use the word *heart* to designate the *middle of the person*, in the same manner as it designates the middle of the earth, heaven, and sea, in Matt. 12: 40, Deut. 4: 11, Ex. 10: 8, &c. But the first of the three instances happily furnishes conclusive evidence, and that directly from God himself, in regard to the corporeal location of the heart, as that word is used in the Bible. We will quote the passage.

"Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate of judgment *upon his heart*, when he goeth into the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually. And thou shalt put in the breast-plate of judgment the Urim and Thummim; and they shall be *upon Aaron's heart* when he goeth in before the Lord; and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel *upon his heart* before the Lord continually." Ex. 28: 29, 30.

To satisfy any one who may doubt about the actual position of the breast-plate on the person of Aaron, we quote the following passage from Josephus' account of the priest's vestments:—

"The High Priest put on a garment called the Ephod. Its make was after this manner: it was woven to the depth of a cubit, of several colors, with gold intermixed, and embroidered; but *it left* THE MIDDLE OF THE BREAST *uncovered*.. It was made with sleeves also; nor did it appear at all differently made from a short coat. *But in the void place of this garment*, there was inserted a piece, of the bigness of a span, embroidered with gold and the other colors of the Ephod and called THE BREAST-PLATE. *This piece exactly filled up the void place in the Ephod.*"—Ant, b. iii., chap. viii., §5.

Thus, in obedience to God's command that Aaron should put the breast-plate on his heart, he put it on the middle of his breast. The Urim and the Thummim, the instruments by which God revealed his will, the symbols of his spiritual manifestation, stood over the spot which true physiology and universal consciousness point out as the special dwelling place of the soul. (For other Bible hints on this subject, see Dan. 7: 15, John 8; 38.)

The heart, being the centre-point of all the faculties of body and soul, is the special seat of personal consciousness—the thing commonly signified by the pronoun 'I.' It is the collecting and distributing office of the whole man. As we have seen that the powers of perceiving, feeling and willing pertain to the whole life, so they are especially concentrated in this radiating point. In fact it is from this point that all the growth and manifestations of life originally proceed as the stalk and branches of a plant proceed from the germ. Of course all the powers that manifest themselves in the senses, nerves, brain, muscles, &c., were first in the heart. Accordingly the Bible applies to the heart almost every form of language commonly appropriated to the senses, and other specific faculties. It is represented as seeing, hearing, understanding, reasoning, believing, speaking, &c.

The heart, then, is distinguished from the soul, thus: the soul is the whole life of man as it exists in combination with the whole body. The heart is the centre-point of that life, situated in the middle of the body, not manifesting itself by a *single* material organ, but acting upon the other departments of life as the main-spring on the wheels and hands of a watch, or as the Executive on his subordinate officers in a national government. Mark 7: 21, 22.

THE CIRCULAR.

ONEIDA, NOV. 5, 1857.

Heart and Brain--A Few Words with the Phrenologists.

The *Phrenological Journal* for November, gives the *Circular* quite a lengthy criticism, under the heading, 'Criticism *vs.* Criticism, Heart *vs.* Brain.' Prefacing its remarks with the complacent suggestion that, 'it is not a little amusing to read the wise reviews of people upon subjects with which they seem to be wholly unacquainted,' it proceeds to take exceptions to our ideas of mental philosophy, and our adherence to Biblical phraseology in describing subjective character and the conditions of the soul, &c. The writer in the *Journal* says:

"We find in the *Circular*—the organ of the Christian Perfectionists at Oneida, N. Y., under the title, 'Source of Hope,' an article that sets aside the fact that the brain is the organ of the mind, and undertakes to show that all the religious emotions spring from the heart; but are not manifested at all by means of the brain, simply because the phraseology of the Bible speaks of the 'hardness of the heart,' and 'from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

Now we beg leave to say to our Phrenological friend, that there is nothing in the article above referred to, nor in any of the past issues of our press, that can, by any legitimate interpretation, be understood as a denial of the proposition that the brain is the organ of the mind. But our critic proceeds:

"The only controversy which appears to exist between Phrenology and the *Circular* in this matter is not *what are* the passions and propensities, the aspirations, the intellections and the emotions. The *Circular* claims that they arise from the heart, while Phrenology, and we may add Physiology, and all human science demonstrates that they arise from the brain. Perhaps the *Circular* is not aware that an idiot has a heart as perfectly formed and accurate in functions as the wisest person or purest saint that ever lived—that good and wise men have often hearts diseased, of which they eventually die, while their moral and intellectual powers remain unimpaired to the last. The *Circular* may not be aware that the derangement of mind, of ambition, of affection, and waywardness of moral sentiment, are clearly referable to some derangement of the brain and nervous system, and that these manifestations of normal and abnormal mentality bear no relation to the condition of the heart; moreover, that the stomach is more intimately connected with the brain than the heart, and that a derangement of the organs of digestion affects the temper, muddies the intellect, and paralyzes the memory a thousand-fold more than disease of the heart."

A critic who affirms at the commencement of his article that 'it is not a little amusing to read the wise reviews of people upon subjects with which they seem to be wholly unacquainted,' should be careful to avoid the same error. It is simply absurd to suppose that in speaking of the heart as the source of religious, intellectual and passional action, we refer to the muscular organ which vibrates in the thorax. Our use of the term is sanctioned by general usage. We mean the soul-center, the seat of personal consciousness and life. A full exposition of our meaning will be found in an article on another page, entitled, 'Nature and Location of the Heart,' which is copied from the *Berean*. The definition which the reviewer puts upon the term is, so far as the *Circular* is concerned, wholly gratuitous and uncalled for; and it is certainly no more than fair for us to claim at the hands of critics a truthful representation of our views. It is very true we differ, radically, from the Phrenologists as to the *source* of mental, emotional and religious manifestations. We do not believe that the seat of the soul—the center of life—is in the brain. Neither phrenology, physiology, nor any other branch of 'human science,' furnishes a single item of satisfactory evidence that such is the fact. True, the brain is the *organ* of mind—of passion, of emotion, of religious aspiration, of intellectual perception. It is the organ of mind, but not mind itself. It is not the *source* of these phenomena of life. That source is back of the brain—back of the nervous system, in the center of the soul—*the heart;* not the mere physical center of the sanguineous system, but an invisible, spiritual organ and life-center, situated in the lower part of the thorax, near the center of the body. Any one who will direct his attention to the subjective phenomena of his life will soon be convinced that the brain is not the seat of the soul. Pain, grief, joy, courage, fear, are not felt, except in a secondary sense, in the convolutions or in the medullary substance of the cerebrum, but in the breast. The language, the poetry, the consciousness of man in all ages, tell the same story. In those circumstances where life is roused into vehement action, when enthusiasm, ambition, or the strength of an everlasting purpose fires the soul; where then do we feel the fountain of energy to be? The swelling breast, the throbbing physical heart, the rush of blood through the vital organs, proclaim where the center of life is. So of love—that action of the life which above all others is connected with the term *heart*. Where do the sensations of that passion center? In the brain? In the cerebellum? Far otherwise. True the cerebellum may be the organ of amativeness, or sexual love; but it is not the *source* of the passion. It is simply the *medium* through which the soul *perceives* the objects towards which its passional attention is directed. The size of the cerebellum may be an index of power of the amative passion in the individual; but the power itself is not there in the back of the head; it is in the life-center—the heart. So of all the other Phrenological organs, they are *organs of perception*. So of the brain itself; it is the medium of soul-perception; not the power that perceives.—In the words of Carlyle, 'it is the heart that sees before the head *can* see.' The brain is the telegraph machine which transmits information to and from the soul. And as the machine is but an instrument in the hands of the operator, so the brain is merely the agent of the soul back of it.

Perhaps our Phrenological friends, will now be able to understand why we adhere to the phraseology of the Bible so strongly. The terms of the Bible, such as 'believing with the heart,' 'hardness of heart,' 'of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' 'out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness,' 'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness,' are simple and direct statements of the most profound psychological facts, and phenomena. The most labored deductions of modern science, will never set them aside as obsolete or untruthful.

The whole testimony of the Bible goes to show that this life-center, called the heart, is the source whence all the manifestations of life arise—the point where salvation begins. It is there that we touch Christ, the source of all life, God. Salvation depends on the yielding up of this life-center to the influence of the spirit of Christ, so that the life of Christ enters into us as the germ of resurrection and immortality; and this germ of Christ's life expands and assimilates to itself our whole nature—spiritual and physical. Thus we come to a clear definition of the distinction between us and the Phrenologists. They make salvation to consist in the cultivation of the faculties of the brain without reference to a radical change of the central life. Our philosophy begins with the regeneration of the heart, and the reception of Christ as the life of our life. The Phrenologists work on the outside, among the branches and twigs of the tree of life. The true way, we conceive, is to begin at the center, and by securing the true conditions there, the result will be sure and eternal. In this way, we secure the perfect development of every faculty of the soul. *In Christ we have a spirit of love, and of power, and of a sound mind.*—T. L. P.

Without Carefulness.

"*Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.*"—PAUL.

Be careful for nothing! What, when I find myself out of order and exercised by feelings that I cannot but condemn, then shall I not care? No. There is none good but one, and you are dependent on him for the first good thought which shall lead you out of your difficulty. Pray to him and thank him for his promises—for the hope there is in the name of Christ—for his faithfulness heretofore. Be cheerful. When my children or those whom I love do not suit me, and I feel incompetent to lead them in the right way, then how can I help caring? You can pray for them, and thank God if they are in his fold. God has resources to do them good, though yours fail.—When my faculties lose their vigor and I can no longer gird myself and go whither I would, but must depend on the help of others, then can I be without care? Yes, 'cast your care upon him that careth for you. A state of dependency may become one of entire trust, and trust attracts God's special care. When my circumstances look forbidding, pinching winter coming on, and the means of comfort not apparent, then shall I be careful for nothing? Yes; remember that our Father in heaven knoweth that we have need of food and clothing, and comfortable shelter.—Thank him for the care he has taken of you in the past, and borrow no trouble for the morrow. The rule of the text we have quoted is an antidote to all evil-thinking. It leaves the heart to the peace of God, and the mind free to follow Paul's exhortation in immediate connection, viz., to think on 'whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely,' &c., and on these things only.—H.

Ericsson's Caloric Engine Revived.

About four years ago the caloric ship of Mr. Ericsson was attracting much attention. After making some short trial-trips in the vicinity of New-York, it went to Washington City, making seven knots an hour with a head-wind; and the success of the new principle—the use of caloric as a motor instead of steam, was thought by many to be established. But the expectations then entertained, failed to be realized, and the caloric machinery was replaced by the ordinary steam engine. It appears, however that Mr. Ericsson, instead of abandoning his original design, has been laboring industriously to perfect it, and that the caloric engine has been reproduced in variously modified forms, yet with great simplicity of construction. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, states that one of Mr. Ericsson's engines, built on a small scale and called a 'domestic engine,' has lately been set up at an office in William st. New-York; that though occupying less than a cubic foot of space, and heated only by gas, the power developed, defies the strength of a single man. It is employed in pumping, and raises three hogsheads per hour to an elevation of 5 feet. It is adapted to perform a great variety of work usually done by hand, and with a surprising degree of economy.—Another caloric engine is located on one of the piers on the North river. It is adapted to be used for pumping on shipboard, and can be easily placed on packets and sailing vessels that are unable to carry steam-engines—'can be placed in the corner of the cook's galley, and may be put in operation in fifteen or twenty minutes, saving the labor [in pumping] of an entire crew.'—In addition to the above, a beautiful yacht has been plying about New-York harbor for the last ten weeks, running across from Staten Island to Long Island, &c., propelled solely by caloric.

Current Topics.

The Elections just now are attracting considerable attention. The results thus far seem rather adverse to the anticipations of the Republican party. Wilmot was beaten in Pennsylvania, and Chase barely elected in Ohio, with

the legislature against him. In Minnesota the result is doubtful as to the Governor, but the Republicans have lost the Legislature. In Iowa the Republicans gain the Governor and Legislature we believe. In this State the election took place on Tuesday of this week. Much interest is felt in the result by some, while many if not most regard it with indifference. In Baltimore the state of things is such, that the Governor of Maryland feels himself obliged to call out the military, in order to preserve the peace and prevent frauds at the ballot box, in the approaching election. It will be recollected that at the last election in that city, a bloody riot occurred, and persons were forcibly prevented from voting; and it is feared that the like thing may take place at the present time. Great excitement prevails in the city in relation to the Governor's proceedings—the Mayor and many of the citizens being opposed to the course he has taken, considering it an unwarrantable interference with municipal authority.———Since writing the above, we learn that the Governor has consented not to employ the troops in Baltimore, having become convinced that the force under the City authorities is sufficient to preserve the peace.

President Buchanan has instructed our Foreign Ministers to inform the Governments to which they are accredited, that he intends to respect the rights of neutrals, and prevent the embarkation of fillibusters. But fillibusterism still continues to hold up its head and defy the government. One of Walker's Colonels writes to some one thus: 'Tell those who are willing to join us in the expedition, not to be bluffed off by the hostile appearance of the great man at the White House. He is only joking about stopping us; it is merely for buncombe.' Many at the North are of the same opinion. Whether the President *will* do as he says, remains to be seen.

The aspect of things in Utah is portentous. Troops are marching thitherward to support the Government officials, and the Saints are threatening resistance by force of arms if the troops enter their territory. What will come of it, is hard to foresee. One thing seems certain, that if the Mormons do as they say they will, the Government will have a serious job to put them down. Brigham Young, with twenty thousand fierce enthusiasts to back him, may be found a rather "hard customer" to deal with.

Returns from Kansas advise us that Gov. Walker and Sec. Stanton have declared by proclamation that the returns from Oxford Precinct are fraudulent, and decline giving certificates of election to the Democratic claimants. This gives the Free-State men a majority in both branches of the territorial Legislature. They also, as heretofore stated, have elected the delegate to Congress. Fears, however, are entertained that further frauds will be attempted by the Pro-Slavery party to vary this result; but on the other hand, it is hoped that Gov. Walker will arrest such attempts, as he has in the Oxford case. The Border Ruffians are now holding a Convention at Lecompton to form a State Constitution; and it is probable that a Pro-Slavery instrument will be presented to Congress as the result.

Later intelligence apprises us that Gov. Walker has been obliged to take measures to protect himself from personal violence by the Border Ruffians, on account of his action in relation to the Oxford frauds. It is thought that he and Sec. Stanton also may be removed from office, for the same reason; as, according to report, they acted in direct opposition to the instructions of the President in the matter.—A. W. C.

....There is considerable activity in the grain market west, and transactions are done at more moderate prices than have heretofore prevailed. In New-York the retail dry goods trade is brisk at wholesale prices, or lower, *for cash*, but there is not much done at wholesale. Several Shiploads of goods have been sent back to Europe without being unloaded, for want of customers. The grain warehouses in New-York are still quite empty, though it is to be hoped, for the sake of the poor, that they may be filled before winter.

The Children.

One of the sweetest offices conceivable for God or man, is that of justifying another. I had been reproving a spirit of hardness and disobedience in some of the children, and was leaving them with a somewhat burdened and saddened feeling, when I met at the door a boy of ten years, crying as if in real distress. I took him aside to inquire the cause, and he proceeded to tell me in a broken way, through his weeping, that Mr. A. the leading gardener, had told him that he might go to the cider mill, sometime, and that he found the team was going there for the last time this afternoon, and the driver invited him to go, and there was no time to ask leave of the proper person, and he went. He evidently felt touched in his conscience by this little direliction from duty, and could not have peace till he had confessed it. It was of course a delight to comfort the little fellow, in the spirit which he manifested about the affair; his softness, drew answering tears to my eyes, as I saw that the labor that is given in faithfulness, to correct the follies and failings of children is not thrown away, but is sure of its reward.

How true a mirror, thought I, this child-family holds up to us all, in our relations with God. He is not a tyrant, watching for our short comings; he is willing that we should exercise liberty and learn what is good, if necessary, even by the experience of wrong doing. That which he asks, is a soft and receptive spirit, a 'broken and contrite heart, that trembleth at his word;' a mind that loves obedience, and that will find its way through all circumstances to him. With these, it is his delight to justify and shelter us, even when our own conscience may tell us we have the least claim on his love.—G. W. N.

From the National Era.

The Garrison of Cape Ann.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul.

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea, I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnolia Christi*, with all strange and marvelous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence—outward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of hodden-gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but, through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the love of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter, which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through,
On the tombs of old traditions flowers of song I fain would twine—
Wipe the moss from off the tablet, and retouch the faded line.

—

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north—
Wood and rock and gleaming saad-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together—talked of wizards Satan-sold,
Of all ghostly sights and noises, signs and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds.

Of the marvelous valley hidden in the depth of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, blooms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
And the silver-starred magnolia lights the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near;
Of the spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came,
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moon-lit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass, that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
'Ghosts or witches,' said the captain, 'thus I foil the Evil One!'
And he rammed a silver button from his doublet down his gun!

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the leveled muskets from the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of Summer sped the harmless shower of lead;
With a laugh of fierce derision once again the phantoms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain, "never mortal foes were there,
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons, skill and prowess nought avail;
They who do the devil's service, wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall;
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the Unseen Powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound, abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in Summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears, and dread forebodings, in the darkness dim-defined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

George Stephenson, and the Origin of the Railway System.

The *Springfield Republican* of Oct. 24th, under the title of "Inch by Inch Upward," gives an interesting sketch of the life of George Stephenson, the founder of the Railway System. We present an abstract for the benefit of those of our readers who may not have seen the original article, which is too lengthy for our columns.

Geo. Stephenson was the second son of Robert and Mabel Stephenson, and was born June 9, 1781, in the colliery village of Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. His father was fireman of a steam-engine of the Wylam Colliery, earning a mere pittance per day, and the children were subjected to all the hardships and privations incident to a life of poverty. George, however, it appears, was ambitious to help his father as soon as possible, and at the age of eight, earned a shilling a week by watching a neighboring widow's cows, keeping them from the track of the coal wagons. Next we find him promoted to the business of leading horses at the plow, hoeing turnips &c., at two shillings per week. Afterwards he obtained the post of driver of the gin-horse at the Black Callerton Colliery; for which he received four shillings a week. He was then 'a grit, bare-legged laddie, very quick-witted, and full of fun and tricks." His spare moments during these days he spent in breeding rabbits, and taming birds.

While driving the gin-horse, young Stephenson fixed his eye on the post of assistant fireman to his father, and obtained it at the age of fourteen, with six shillings a week wages. At this time he would hide himself when the owner of the colliery came round, lest he should think him too young for his place. At fifteen, George's "ambition was to attain rank as soon as possible as a full workman, and to earn as good wages as those his father had, twelve shillings a week. He was steady, sober, indefatigable in his work, ready of wit, and physically strong." He was at that time at the Midmill working, and "while there, his work was adjudged worthy of a man's hire. One Saturday evening the foreman paid him twelve shillings for a week's work, and told him that he was, from that date, advanced. When he came out, he told his fellow-workmen his good fortune and declared in triumph: 'Now I am a made man for life.'

He had reached inch by inch the natural object of a boy's ambition—to be man enough to do what he has seen done by his father. But he was man enough for more than that. By natural ability joined to unflagging industry he still won his way slowly up; and, at the age of seventeen worked in a new pit at the same engine with his father; the son taking the higher place as engineman, and Old Bob being still a fireman as he had been from the first."

He had begun his career as engineer by making mud-engines in his early days, in imitation of the one his father was at work at. Now, however he had an opportunity for gratifying his taste more fully, and we discover the earnest purpose of the man. "It was the duty of the engine-man to watch the engine, to correct a certain class of hitches in its working, and when anything was wrong that he could not put right, to send word to the chief engineer. George Stephenson fell in love with his engine, and was never tired of watching it. In leisure hours, when his companions went to their sports, he took his machine to pieces, cleaned every part of it, and put it together again. Thus he not only kept it in admirable working order, but became intimately acquainted with all its parts and knew their use."

At the age of eighteen he could neither read nor write, his father having been too poor to afford him an education. Feeling his need of it, he set himself diligently to acquiring so much of it as was necessary for his purpose, with characteristic resolution and success.

When twenty-one he married Fanny Henderson, who died some three years thereafter, leaving him an only son, Robert, between one and two years old. During these years he acquired in odd moments considerable skill as a shoe-maker and 'clock-doctor.'

With unabated energy and unyielding purpose Stephenson worked his way up to the head of his profession. He seems to have been a fit instrument in the hand of Providence to perfect the birth of one of the most important enterprises of the day. And we cannot but view with interest the painful and arduous struggles of all such men with the difficulties that beset their careers, in realizing the purposes given them.

"At last there came a day when all the cleaning and dissecting of his engines turned to profit, and the clock-doctor won the more important character of engine-doctor. He had on various occasions suggested to the owners small contrivances which had saved wear and tear of material, or otherwise improved the working of his pit.—When he was twenty-nine years old, a new pit was sunk at Killingworth—now known as the Killingworth High Pit—over which a Newcomen engine was fixed for the purpose of pumping water from the shaft. For some reason the engine failed; as one of the workmen engaged on it tells the case, 'she couldn't keep her jack-head in water; all the engine-men in the neighborhood were tried, as well as Crowther of the Ouseburn, but they were clean bet.' The engine pumped to no purpose for nearly twelve months. Stephenson had observed, when he saw it built, that if there was much water in the mine that engine wouldn't keep it under, but to the opinion of a common brakesman no heed had been paid. He used often to inquire as to 'how she was getting on,' and the answer always was that the men were still drowned out. One Saturday afternoon George went to the High Pit, and made a close examination of the whole machine. Kit Heppel, sinker at the pit, said to him when he had done:—

'Weel, George, what do you mak' o' her? Do you think you could do anything to improve her?'

'Man,' said George, 'I could alter her and make her draw. In a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom.'

The conversation was reported to Ralph Dods, the head viewer. George was known to be an ingenious and determined fellow: and, as Dods said 'the engineers hereabouts are all bet.' The brakesman, therefore, was at once allowed to try

his skill; he could not make matters worse than they were, and he might mend them. He was set to work at once, picked his own men to carry out the alterations he thought necessary, took the whole engine to pieces, reconstructed it, and really did, in a week's time after his talk with Heppel, clear the pit of water. This achievement brought him fame as a pump-curer. Dods made him a present of ten pounds, and he was appointed engine-man on good wages at the pit he had redeemed, until the work of sinking was completed. The job lasted about a year. Thus, at the age of thirty, Stephenson had begun to find his way across the borders of the engineer's profession. To all the wheezy engines of the neighborhood he was called in as a professional adviser.—The regular men called him a quack; but the quack perfectly understood the constitution of an engine, and worked miracles of healing. One day as he passed a drowned quarry on his way from work, at which a windmill worked an inefficient pump, he told the men 'he would set up for them an engine no bigger than a kailpot, that would clear them out in a week.' And he fulfilled his promise.

A year after his triumph at the High Pit, the engine-wright at Killingworth was killed by an accident, and George Stephenson, on Mr. Dods' recommendation, was promoted to his place by the lessees. He was appointed engine-wright to the colliery at a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

At this time of his life, Stephenson was associating with John Wigham, a farmer's son, who understood the rule of three, who had acquired some little knowledge of chemistry and natural philosophy, and who possessed a volume of Ferguson's Lectures on Mechanics. With John Wigham, Stephenson spent many leisure hours in study and experiment; learning all John could teach, and able to teach not a little out of his own thoughts in exchange for the result of John's reading. George Stephenson, at the age of thirty-three had saved a hundred guineas; and his son Robert, then taken from a village school, was sent to Bruce's academy at Newcastle. * * *

As engine-wright, Stephenson had opportunities of carrying still farther his study of the engine, as well as of turning to account the knowledge he already possessed. His ingenuity soon caused a reduction of the number of horses employed in the colliery from a hundred to fifteen or sixteen: and he had access not only to the mine at Killingworth, but to all collieries belonging to Lord Ravensworth and his partners, a firm that had been named the Grand Allies. The locomotive engine was then known to the world as a new toy, curious and costly. Stephenson had a perception of what might be done with it, and was beginning to make it the subject of his thoughts. From the education of his son Robert, he was now deriving knowledge for himself. The father entered him as a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical institution, and toiled with him over books of science borrowed from its library. Mechanical plans he read at sight, never requiring to refer to the description: 'a good plan,' he said, 'should always explain itself.'—One of the secretaries of the Newcastle Institution watched with lively interest the studies of both father and son, and helped them freely to the use of books and instruments, while he assisted their endeavors with his counsels. George Stephenson was thirty-two years old, and however little he may by that time have achieved, one sees that he had accumulated in himself a store of power that would inevitably carry him on to new successes. Various experiments had been made with the new locomotive engines.—One had been tried upon the Wylam tram-road which went by the cottage in which Stephenson was born. George Stephenson brooded upon the subject, watched their failures, worked at the theory of their construction, and made it his business to see one. He felt his way to the manufacture of a better engine, and proceeded to bring the subject under the notice of the lesees of the colliery. He had acquired reputation not only as an ingenious but as a safe and prudent man. He had instituted already many improvements in the collieries. Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, therefore authorized him to fulfill his wish; and with the greatest difficulty making workmen of some of the colliery hands, and, having the colliery blacksmith for his head assistant, he built his first locomotive in the workshops at Westmoor, and called it 'My Lord.' It was the first engine constructed with smooth wheels; for Stephenson never admitted the prevailing notion that contrivances were necessary to secure adhesion.—'My Lord' was called 'Blutcher' by the people round about. It was first placed on the Killingworth railway on the twenty fifth of July, eighteen hundred and fourteen, and though a cumbrous machine, was the most successful that had, up to that date, been constructed.

At the end of the year it was found that the work done by Blutcher cost about as much as the same work would have cost if done by horses.—Then it occurred to Stephenson to turn the steam-pipe into the chimney, and carry the smoke up with the draught of a steam-blast. That would add to the intensity of the fire and to the rapidity with which steam could be generated. The power of the engine was, by this expedient doubled."

[About this time some terrible explosions in the mines directed his attention to the subject, and he invented a safety-lamp for use in the mines, for which he received a public testimonial of a thousand pounds. It was something nearly on the same principle with Sir Humphrey Davy's celebrated lamp.—A. W. C.]

"Locomotives had been used only on the tramroads of the collieries, and by the time when Stephenson built his second engine, were generally abandoned as failures. Stephenson alone staid in the field and did not care who said there would be at Killingworth 'a terrible blow-up some day.' He had already made up his mind that the perfection of a traveling engine would be half lost if it did not run on a perfected rail. Engine and rail he spoke of even then, as 'man and wife,' and his contrivances for the improvement of the locomotive always went hand in hand with his contrivances for the improvement of the road on which it ran. We need not follow the mechanical details. In his work at the rail and engine he made progress in his own way, inch by inch; every new locomotive built by him contained improvements on its predecessor, every time he laid down a fresh rail he added some new element of strength and firmness to it. The Killingworth Colliery railway was the seed from which sprang the whole European—and now more than European—system of railway intercourse. While systems and theories rose and fell round about, George Stephenson kept his little line in working order, made it pay, and slowly advanced in the improvement of the rails and engines used upon it. When it had been five years at work, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, in the county of Durham, invited Stephenson to act as engineer for them in laying down an equally efficient and much longer line. Its length was to be eight miles, and it would cross one of the highest hills in the district; Stephenson put his locomotive on the level ground, worked the inclines with stationary engines, showed how full wagons descending an incline might be used as a power for the drawing up of empty ones, and in three years completed successfully a most interesting and novel series of works.

In those days there was talk of railroads to be worked by horse-power, or any better power, if better there were; but at any rate level roads laid down with rails for the facility of traffic, were projected between Stockton and Darlington, between Liverpool and Manchester, and between other places.

The Killingworth railway was seven years old, the Hetton line then being in the course of construction; and George Stephenson was forty years old when 'one day,' writes Mr. Smiles, 'about the end of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, two strangers knocked at the door of Mr. Pease's house in Darlington, (Mr. Pease was the head proprietor of the railway between Darlington and Stockton,) 'and the message was brought to him that some persons from Killingworth wanted to speak with him. They were invited in; on which one of the visitors introduced himself as Nicholas Wood, viewer at Killingworth; and then, turning to his companion, he introduced him as George Stephenson of the same place.'—George had also a letter of introduction from the manager at Killingworth, and came as a person who had experience in the laying out of railways, to offer his services. He had walked to Darlington, with here and there a lift upon a coach, to see whether he could not get for his locomotive a fair trial, and for himself a step of advancement in life, upon Mr. Pease's line.—He told his wish in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district; as for himself, he said, he was 'only the engine-wright at Killingworth, that's what he was.'

Mr. Pease liked him, told him his plans, which were all founded on the use of horse-power, he being satisfied 'that a horse upon an iron road would draw ten tons for one on a common road, and that before long the railway would become the king's highway.' Stephenson boldly declared that his locomotive was worth fifty horses, and that moving engines would in course of time supersede all horse-power upon railroads. 'Come over,' he said, 'to Killingworth, and see what my Blutcher can do; seeing is believing, sir.'—Mr. Pease went, saw, and believed. Stephenson was appointed engineer to the company, at a salary of three hundred a year. The Darlington line was constructed in accordance with his survey. His traveling engine ran upon it for the first time on the 27th of September, 1825, in sight of an immense concourse of people, and attained, in some parts of its course, a speed—then unexampled—of twelve miles an hour.—When Stephenson afterwards became a famous man he forgot none of his old friends. * *

With what determined perseverance Mr. Stephenson upheld the cause of the locomotive in connection with the proposed Liverpool and Manchester line; how he did cheaply what the regular engineers declared impossible or ruinous, in carrying that line over Chat-Moss, persevering, when all who were about him had confessed despair, and because he had made good his boldest promises in every case; how he was at last trusted in the face of public ridicule, upon the merits of the locomotive also; how after the line was built, at the public competition of light engines constructed in accordance with certain strict conditions, his little Rocket won the prize; how the fulfillment of his utmost assertions raised Stephenson to the position of an oracle in the eyes of the public; how he nevertheless went on improving the construction of both rails and locomotives; how the great railway system, of which the foundations were laid patiently by him, was rapidly developed; how, when success begot a mania, he was as conspicuous for his determined moderation as he had before been for his determined zeal; how he attained honor and fortune; and retired from public life, again to grow enormous fruits or vegetables in his garden—pine-apples instead of leeks—again to pet animals and watch the birds' nests in the hedges—we need not tell in detail; Mr. Smiles's excellent biography tells it all.

One of the chief pleasures of his latter days, was to hold out a helping hand to poor inventors, who deserved assistance. He was a true man to the last, whom success never elated to folly. Inch by inch he made his ground good in the world, and for the world."

The Midnight Sun.

Bayard Taylor, gives the following description of midnight at the North Cape, Norway, as he saw it from the deck of the steamer Gyller, July 26:

It was now 11 o'clock, and Sværholt glowed in fiery bronze luster as we rounded it, the eddies of returning birds gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech-leaves in the October air. Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose-color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor touched with pearly opaline flushes of pink and golden gray. The sea was like a web of pale slate-color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply indented coast—the capes of Laxe and Porsanger Fiords, and of Magerõe—lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the north-east was Nordkyn the most northern point of the main-land of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watches denoted midnight, the North Cape appeared to the westward—a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of 900 feet in hight to the Polar Sea. Midway between these two magnificent headlands stood the Midnight Sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both—but shining at the same moment, in the heat and splendor of noonday, on the Pacific Isles.

This was the Midnight Sun as I had dreamed it—as I had hoped to see it.

Within fifteen minutes after midnight, there was a perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole line of the sky had changed, the yellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermillion of dawn. Yet it was neither the colors, nor the same character of light as we had had, half an hour *before* midnight. The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described, but it was the difference between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one prevailing tint into another had changed the whole expression of heaven and earth, and so imperceptibly and miraculously that a new day was already present to our consciousness. Our view of the wild cliffs of Sværholt, less than two hours before, belonged to yesterday, though we had stood on deck, in full sunshine, during all the intervening time. Had the sensation of a night slipped through our brains, in the momentary winking of the eyes?—Or was the old routine of consciousness so firmly stereotyped in our natures, that the view of a morning was sufficient proof to them of the pre-existence of a night? Let those explain the phenomenon who can—but I found my physical senses utterly at war with those mental perceptions wherewith they should harmonize. The eye saw but one unending day; the mind notched the twenty-four hours on its calendar as before.

Napoleon's Opinion of Medicine.

Napoleon is represented as fond of talking, among other things, on the subject of medicine; particularly with his practitioner at Paris, Corvisart; and his opinions are characteristic, common-sense like, and well worth preserving. We give a specimen below, copied from Emerson's 'Representative Men,'

"Believe me, we had better leave off all these remedies: life is a fortress which neither you nor I know anything about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defence. Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories. Corvisart candidly agreed with me, that all your filthy mixtures are good for nothing. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air, and cleanliness, are the chief articles in my pharmacopœia."

—"True fortitude of understanding consists 'in not letting what we know, be embarrassed by what we do not know.'"—*Emerson.*

—"Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."—*Ibid.*

Community Paragraphs.

DEVOTION OF FAITH.

An entire surrender of ourselves to God, cannot take place without strong faith: and whenever we make that full surrender we may expect to have it put to the test; as it is by trial alone that we are truly proved. The surrendering of ourselves to the Lord is a matter of so much importance, that he will not fail to give us an opportunity of testing whether it be a true one or not. None of us can know whether our surrender is genuine except by the sure test of tribulation. To rejoice in God's will when it imparts nothing but happiness, is easy even for the natural man. But none but those who have true faith can rejoice in his will, when it crosses their own, disappoints their expectations, and overwhelms them with sorrow.

The apostle Paul doubtless knew something of this matter by experience, when he said, 'We glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.' Those who have forsaken all for Christ sake, are made partakers with Paul in that same faith which enables them to glory in tribulation; and that which was once shunned is now welcomed as the true test of the sincerity of their surrender and devotion of themselves to Christ. All who fully give themselves up to him in faith and love, will rejoice to find him gradually taking possession of their entire nature, changing them from one degree of grace to another, and causing them to grow up into him, their living head, in all things. When through weakness of purpose or want of faith, our attention is distracted by external things, which tend to make us restless and unhappy, the only way to find peace, is to turn inward and learn of him, who is meek and lowly in heart; and the promise is, that we shall find rest to our souls. The more we know of that state of heart and mind which results from the exercise of genuine faith in God, the more we shall value and desire it. All who have this faith, will be able to stand firm in the midst of temptations, and utterly disbelieve and reject the insinuations of Satan.—They know that God loves them; and whether in prosperity or in adversity, they make him their chief delight and rest, and 'rejoice in the Lord always.'—D. W.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

God's goodness is very great to those who believe and confess his Son, and put their trust in him. He will withold from them no good thing that is for their benefit. He leadeth them in a way that they know not of; he provideth for their wants, both spiritual and temporal, and proves himself to them a kind, loving father. He fills their hearts with thankfulness and love; he gives them precious promises, and manifestations of his grace, and helps them in the time of trouble. When they are cast down by temptation and trial, and darkness overclouds their path, he delivers them out of their distress, strengthens their faith, and sets their feet on a rock which is immoveable, even 'THE WORD OF GOD, which liveth and abideth forever,' giving them new hope and peace. O let us then, with our tongue and with our pen, proclaim the goodness and loving kindness of the Lord our God.—W. J.

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